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ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

THE LETTER.—A SKETCH.

BY WILLIAM PIATT.

There is not perhaps, one other thing in this world which possesses more charms than a Letter from those we love—but when that letter brings with it the ideas of sorrow and distress—when it touches our hearts with sadness in recounting a tale of anguish or grief, how fondly, and yet how sadly, we peruse it—we read it over and over again and in the end we wonder why we are not satisfied in pondering over a relation of things which are woful to the heart and which, as if there were magic around those things, drawing us within their spell, we are unable to cease pondering over, until we soothe ourselves, strange as it may appear, in the very sadness which makes us sad.—A Letter!—how many fond things does it often bring to our memory! How many fond hopes—which age—which chance—or which fatality have blighted! Could we see, at one view, all the thoughts which letters have conveyed—what a world of joy, of grief, of love, and of misery, should we behold!—But away with episode.—I have a simple tale to tell; but unlike those gloomy reflections of the mind which shadow the heart and make the memory ‘one scene of rude commotion,’ it has little of sadness in it, *perhaps* much of joy.—Henry Wildson was sitting by his fireside gloomy as the shades of night. He had early been married to an amiable and beautiful girl. He loved her—but he also loved the follies of life. He had wooed her in her innocence and he had married her in all her loveliness. He had enjoyed a patrimony sufficiently great to have made his own years, and the years of those around him, happy. But how wild are the delusions of life. He forgot that ‘riches take wings’—and failed to clip the pinions of his own wealth—till folly had led him away and he sat, as I said before at his fireside, gloomy as the shades of night, expecting, each moment, that instrument of Law to be served, which should alienate him from his homestead forever. Alas, thought he, and what is to become of those that I love?—my wife—and my little ones!—‘Beggared, beggared, and forsaken!’—he uttered aloud.—His wife, seized upon the words, and although she had long foreseen the calamity which awaited them, she strove by the kindest and most endearing fondness,

to drive from the brows of him she only loved, the sadness which brooded over them.—‘Why beggared?’ said she, ‘God tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb—and why should we doubt of his mercy?—We have yet left our health—why should we disturb our peace of mind—folly, my dear Henry, will bring its own punishment and if we suffer for ours, perhaps—perhaps,’ she faltered and burst into tears as she uttered—‘perhaps we deserve it’—‘We deserve it—my dear Helen—*We* deserve it,’ he repeated with emphasis.—‘Alas! the fault is not yours but mine. It is I who have squandered our wealth—it is I, and I only, who have brought beggary and sorrow upon your heart; and poverty, with its concomitant evils, upon our offspring. Oh that we had never met, or that I had been blest with more prudence!’—‘Let us not repine—let us await the issue of our sorrows—we commit but more folly by anticipating them,’ calmly replied his wife, as she recovered her firmness and her little ones with unwistful earnestness, gathered around with their father and mother as if wishing to know why those they loved should seem sad.

A Raphael might have pictured the scene, my pen cannot, as a rap was heard at the door—and each of the fond parents clasped their little ones to their bosoms, and anxiously pressed them to their hearts, as if for the last time in their own domicil, while the fearful and terrific, though always hospitable words ‘Come in’ seemed as if it were in vain for either to utter. At length they were uttered—but as the latch raised, each countenance gloomily looked toward the door,—as if anticipating the approaching Sheriff. He did indeed approach: but there was a smile on his countenance, ill contrasted with the supposed object of his visit, and that smile struck to the heart of Henry like an electric shock—‘Can it be sir,’ said he ‘that you would mock our misery?—oh world, how cursed is he who suffers—man preys on man, more savage than the tyger—it would seem that his disposition was only prone to torture’—‘I can only good naturally reply to your fears by asking you to read this letter,’ said the Sheriff. With doubt and trembling Henry broke the seal and read as follows:—

‘My dear children, I have seen your folly—and was ever proud to see that even your faults leaned to the side of virtue.—I have been convinced that you require only to be placed in that situation, in which you were when those follies commenced, and that experience will teach you wisdom enough to

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avoid them hereafter. I have liquidated the claims on your estate—Henceforth it is your own—Learn to preserve it.—I shall be with you in a day or two—*your Uncle.*

Was there ever joy?—* * * *

There was a smile beamed upon the countenance of Wildson and his bride—there was a something indescribably singular, if not solemn, dwelt upon that smile—and they gazed at each other with a kind of vacant, but all meaning stare of delight. At length the spell was broken asunder and Helen, throwing herself into the arms of her husband, gave vent to a flood of joyous tears. ‘We shall be happy—we shall yet be happy’—she exclaimed as she clung upon his neck. ‘And if we do not profit by the experience we have had,’ replied Wildson ‘we shall be the more miserable’—The officer stood by—but he felt all that man could feel—and his eyes were not without exhibiting a sign of the emotion he felt.—The story however is soon told—Henry did profit by the experience he had had, and the joyous group that assembles around his gay fireside adds a new proof to the glad potency of A LETTER.

THE MASQUERADE.

(Concluded.)

In the simple costume of Thompson’s beauteous gleaner, Julia Manfred appeared at the masquerade—sans masque. Her modest loveliness shone pre-eminent through this lowly garb, while admiring plaudits secretly emanated from the circle through which she passed. She became greatly embarrassed, ere she attained the centre of the saloon, where she unconsciously halted as she leaned on the arm of her mother.

She essayed in vain to raise her downcast eyes, and at length settled them fixedly on the artificially blooming flowers, with which the floor for the occasion, had been most elaborately, and picturesquely garnished. Ever and anon her timidity had to encounter a greater trial, than even this admiration.

Her ear was annoyed by compliments, love-complaints and encomiums, but above all, she was beset by her odious lover, Vauter, in the hideous looking and absurd character of a Harlequin—The hours would have seemed tediously irksome, had not scenic variety curtailed them, which likewise caused our heroine, for awhile, to pass unheeded by, the fulsome nonsense of the Harlequin.

Among the motley group of masks that presented themselves, of Flower girls, Minstrels, Dominos, Turks, Germans, Russians, Prussians, Watchmen, Chimney-Sweeps, &c. none so highly amused her, as the well supported characters of a French Coquette, a Gypsy, and Scott’s Flora Mac Ivor; while the no less badly supported one of the hero Waverly excited her risible faculties. The pretty little French dame, coquettishly leaning on the arm of a Parisian officer, and languishingly bestowing on him from time to time, a most bewitching coup d’œil, advanced near the spot where Julia stood, when she was thus accosted by an old French Count; ‘Eh bien! mademoiselle, pourquoi aimez vous ce cavalier? Car il n’est pas beau?’

‘Ca est vrai,’ replied the young coquette, ‘mais je l’admirer pour des autres choses. C’est son esprit, ces sont les qualités de son ame qui ont fait naître l’attachement que je lui porte. Peut être plus favorise des dons de la nature, il m’eut inspiré moins de tendresse. Moins beau, il fut plus aimable, il ignora les caprices, les intrigues secrètes, il connaissait son esprit, il me prodigua ces soins de tous

les momens, qui repanden tant des charmes sur la vie de deux êtres qui s’aiment.’ This was uttered with a languid smile, as she from time to time, bestowed a timid glance at her companion.

‘Admirable!’ exclaimed the antique nobleman with a smile. ‘The soul is the noblest gift of nature,’ sweetly pronounced a silvery tone. It issued from the graceful form of the accomplished, and magnanimous heroine of Scott’s Waverly.

‘Tis most true! my beauteous Flora,’ cried a juvenile Cavalier in the costume of the youthful hero;—‘but will you not give us a song from that enchanting voice and harp of yours? Can you not invoke the muse to night, or must you for that purpose retire to Sylvan scenes, and bubbling fountains? Does your muse depart from the gaiety of a saloon?’

‘I have already,’ replied the maiden with dignity, ‘said that the seat of the Celtic muse is in the mist of the secret and solitary hill, and her voice in the murmur of the mountain stream. He who woos her must love the barren rock more than the fertile valley, and the solitude of the desert better than the festivity of the hall.’

A Gypsey now ran up to the lofty heroine,—‘Divine Flora,’ cried she, ‘permit one initiated in the mysteries of futurity, to tell your fortune by the aid of palmistry.’ So saying, she seized her hand despite of resistance, and held it firmly, while she went on to trace the lines of mystery. ‘Flora Mac Ivor,’ she said with feigned gravity, ‘your self-devotion to the cause of loyalty, and country, will prove the ruin of both your brother, and yourself. You had better heed the counsel of a wiser head than your own,—of one, who can dive into the events of ages yet unborn,—and at once consent to marry the gay, and youthful cavalier, who has already sued at your feet—Fergus, I tell you, will expire on the scaffold.’

‘How knowingly the gipsy talks,’ said a Domino near; ‘who would ever suspect her periculum possessed such extensive erudition! So young and pretty as she is!’

Julia’s attention was now particularly attracted towards two exceedingly interesting personages, a French Troubadour, and La belle Sauvage. An enchanted audience soon surrounded the former, while he drew from his harp, dulcet and unordinary strains. Well might the following lines of the poet be applied to him, as he sung a touching romance of the ancient school.

‘A mellow voice Fitz Eustace had,
The air he chose was wild and sad,
Such have I heard in Scottish land,
Rise from the busy harvest band.’

And now, wildly bursting through the crowd, appeared the amiable La belle Sauvage—the character was finely pourtrayed. The nymph darted towards the Troubadour, stopped within three paces, listened with absorbed attention, then uttered a wild cry of bewildered ecstasy, and ultimately, when the Troubadour ceased to play, darted towards the instrument on which he rested, swept her fingers over its pensive chords, then started back affrighted, ‘e’en at the sound herself had made.’

The Harlequin, alias Vauter, now made his way through the crowd, up to the spot which contained the fair Julia. He was full of set speeches, and rhodomontade compliments, to which Julia lent an unwilling ear. ‘I understand well your sex, Miss Manfred,’ he said, ‘and the various sinuosities of their heart—and therefore pronounce, that if a gentleman becomes enamoured of a lady, yet commences not the courtship for some little

era; that is, if he takes her not *tout à coup*, when she derives pleasure from his delectable assiduities, he subsequently takes her at a non plus, and, consequently, loses her. Comprenez vous mademoiselle? for relinquishing all idea of obtaining him, she bestows her affections on the first object which presents itself; for "love, does seldom hope survive" you know." Annoyed with such incomprehensible folly, Julia averted her head. "Come, come, my little Xantippe," continued he, most unmercifully, "No coyness I pray thee—I do persist in saying, that a gentleman so situated, should endeavour to render himself amazingly agreeable—*comme moi*, by numberless little kind attentions for a stated period; then absent himself, as for instance, your most devoted humble servant;" added he, bowing most apishly, "has done this night, again return, and become as affectionately obsequious as ever, *comme moi*, and I'll vouch for his ultimate success!" Excessively charmed, Julia turned her impatient glances in every direction in search of her parents, who were not to be seen. But a friend, in the form of a stranger, drew near to relieve her from her embarrassment. The Troubadour, who had for some time stood at a distance, regarding her with fixed attention, now suddenly sprang forward to her assistance.

"Will you enter into the refreshment room?" inquired he eagerly, as he proffered his arm for the purpose of escorting her. Julia made no reply to this interrogatory, but immediately acted on it, by taking the arm of her chivalrous Knight, and hurried away from her cruel tormentor.

It was somewhat strange for the discreet Julia Manfred, to accept so unhesitatingly, the proffered attendance of a total stranger. Yet there was something so winning, in the *tout ensemble* of his voice and manner, which superadded to her extreme solicitude, to avoid the disgusting and flippant attentions of Mr. Vaunter, that caused her for once, to become unmindful of her native dignity. There was, also, so much naïvete in her character, that she plainly evinced her partialities, or antipathies. For this stranger, she unconsciously felt an interest;—for the man of opulence, an aversion, and she acted on these diametrically opposed impulses. Besides, she almost fancied there was something about him, even through his guise, that reminded her of Frederick; but Frederick was ever uppermost in her thoughts, so that she attached the idea of a resemblance to this beloved being, in every handsome form she saw. The height of the stranger, notwithstanding this fancied resemblance, was many inches taller than that of Frederick, and his hair, too, was black. Still Julia conceited him as a sort of mysterious counterpart to the absent Frederick.

When they had refreshed themselves, and were about returning to the company, the music and dancing commenced. "Suppose we tarry here a short time longer," said the stranger as if anxious to detain her—"or are you such an amateur of Terpsichore as to be unable to resist her soft blandishments?" "No, indeed," returned Julia, "I care but little about it."

"No friend to the quadrille, but perchance a good one to the waltz," he replied; "Say rather a foe," replied Julia, with firmness—"quadrilles, I confess I dance sometimes, but waltzes never."

"How grand and inspiring is music!" said the stranger, as though he had not heard her, "what a pity it was ever connected with dancing! What a striking contrast between the two! The one elevating and sublime, the other, frivolous in the extreme!" Julia looked at him amazed.

"Why, you are truly inimical to dancing?" "Not exactly," he replied, smiling. "I will not so far approximate to the cynic, as to condemn it altogether; I regard it as an innocent recreation to the mind and body, when practised with temperance, but it has been most shockingly abused. 'Tis only *waltzing* that I condemn. Music cannot be abused—it is too much the offspring of heaven—that must ever have the effect to refine the principles of the soul, and qualify it better for deeds of benevolence. Nature herself has wisely pointed out music, as a solace in affliction: as the most elevated method of inspiring devotion, and as the most cheering friend in moments of prosperity. I am a true admirer of nature, Julia."

The astonished maiden turned at the sound of her name, and gazed wistfully at the Troubadour. "You are a warm advocate for music," she replied, "but you are inimical to the waltz."

"And so are you," he replied with vivacity, "if I heard you aright this evening: why are you thus opposed?" "Because," replied Julia, "I but re-echo the sentiments of an absent friend, who is vehemently prejudiced against it."

"But are they your own sentiments, or is it the respect paid to his opinion that induces you to give utterance to such expressions?"

"Why my own, unquestionably," replied Julia, "I never was a particular friend to the waltz, and therefore it was no sacrifice to decline it, yet had it been otherwise, I should have willingly yielded up my opinion to his."

"And pray is this friend a Father, Brother, or whom?" Julia coloured as she replied with dignity, "you catechise too minutely, sir."

"I acknowledge the justness of this reproof," quoth the Stranger, "and I admire your strict conformance to the judicious counsel of your friend, for I do not think the waltz well calculated for ladies, they should rather shrink from the public gaze. Theirs should be the office to guide man's frail bark through life's tempestuous ocean, into the secure, and peaceful heaven of virtue."

"O woman," apostrophised he emphatically, "how much lies within thy jurisdiction to improve, or degrade the condition of man, lovely and gentle as thou art by grace,—Tell me Miss Manfred" cried he, suddenly like one awakening from a reverie, "why does woman ever marry from mercenary views? why does she plight vows of fidelity at the altar of opulence, when her heart is not there? Because she is the votary of fashion, at her shrine she yields up all that should render life desirable, and the anticipation of eternity agreeable."

"Thank heaven, then," involuntary exclaimed Julia Manfred, "I am no devotee to fashion, I am free from *that* at all events."

"You are Miss Manfred?" hastily spoke the Troubadour with amazement, "why are you not on the eve of matrimony with—with—I can scarcely name him—a Mr. Vaunter, I believe, at least so says 'rumour with her thousand tongues,' yet I scarcely gave it credence; for who, added he indignantly, could ever suppose that Julia Manfred, would espouse the creature Vaunter? though money has a powerful influence; but you could not love such a being, Miss Manfred!"

"I judge not, noble Stranger: I think you have seen enough to night, to convince you that you have been mis-informed; I am not, nor never will become affianced to Mr. Vaunter, no! never!" added she, while the glow of enthusiasm mantled her brow, "never! till I become cold, and calculating, never!"

till then, can I marry Mr. Vaunter; when I do become this grovelling creature, I may gaze around me, and accept the man of worldly opulence, without regard to the momentous essentials; no matter how lacking he may be in mental or moral worth; still I may smile, and receive his smiles like a sycophant, and marry like a dashing belle, in order to be admired as a dashing matron.'

The stranger listened with eager, but respectful attention, until Julia had finished speaking—' May I presume to inquire, Miss Manfred,' he said, as a slight tremor marked his voice, ' whether you have ever known experimentally the sentiment of love? whether you are speaking theoretically, or practically on the subject? and whether you are at this time disengaged?' Julia became exceedingly embarrassed, her eyes quailed before the noble Stranger, and for a few moments she was silent. At length words found utterance, and she thus unhesitatingly expressed herself, ' Candor has ever been my motto, Sir Stranger, truth needs no veil; it requires no chicanery, or embellishment; then without evasion I ingenuously avow that my heart was gone long ere I knew it, that it became the property of the companion of my juvenile hours; and that from the days of childhood I have ardently loved.'

' And this being you would not resign for a Stranger, who this night pays homage to you, Miss Manfred,' said the Troubadour, with extreme solicitude. ' I offer myself to you Miss Manfred, my fortune is ample and my heart is wholly yours.' ' I thank you, noble Stranger,' replied Julia, with maidenly reserve, ' for your magnanimous offer, but a hand without a heart, is but a poor gift, and would be unworthy of you: my heart belongs to Frederick; and should he never return, a cloister or some sequestered spot, will contain Julia Manfred during the brief remainder of her life. O! Frederick,' she exclaimed, ' did you but know my constancy, you could not thus prolong your absence—how anxiously would you traverse the wide Atlantic—how exultingly would you throw yourself at my feet, did you but know the importunity I have resisted for the love I bear you.'

' And thus does he exultingly cast himself at your feet! Yes, Julia, I have been seeking a being worthy of my love, my fortune; and that one being I have found in the companion of my boyhood. How precious were the moments that inspired such affection—Behold your Frederick!' quoth the youth doffing his mask, for the maiden had gazed incredulously on him—' Behold your Frederick, at your feet, dear Julia, sueing for your favour, to share with him his well-gotten wealth in his own sweet native land?' Julia, the lost, bewildered, happy Julia, could scarcely give credence to her senses, that Frederick was before her. She beheld a youth of marvellous beauty, kneeling before her, and in that being though highly improved, she recognised her beloved cousin. ' Rise, Frederick, rise,' said Julia, extending to him her hand, ' this posture does not become you.'

' Behold this amulet Julia,' said he as he once more stood by her side, and pulled from his finger the ring, she had bestowed upon him at parting, ' this has ever been my companion.'

Julia smiled, while a pearly tear glistened in her eyes as she gazed on the pledge of affection, and read aloud its mystic characters—' *Love based on friendship and esteem survives the wreck of time.*' ' This is so delightful, so unexpected,' she said, ' but why did you not give me timely information? why did you take me thus by surprise?'

' Why, my dear Julia, my last letter gave you intimation of my intended arrival?'

' Your last letter, Frederick? I have not received one, for many months.' ' Then they must have been intercepted, dear Julia, for I have written you many. I arrived but this evening; I went to your residence and there learned you were at the masquerade, and intended waltzing; and that there was a bona-fide engagement existing between you and Vaunter—I hired a mask for the purpose of watching your movements; to see whether you had become so far absorbed in the follies of the beau monde, as to be induced thus to exhibit yourself: I also wished to ascertain in propria persona, whether or not Vaunter was a favoured suitor. But I am happy to state, my dear Julia, that my doubts and fears speedily vanished, and my utmost anticipations of the firmness and fidelity of your character, have been realized. You know that it is not talent and accomplishment, that I deprecate in a female, but that eagerness to elicit eclat, from the multitude of butterflies that swarm the dancing soiree.—That ardent thirst after applause at the expense of every virtuous feeling.' After a little more chat on subjects interesting only to lovers, Julia expressed a desire to return to the dancing room, as she feared her long absence might be observed. Frederick complied with her request—' I will attend you to the entrance door, Julia,' quoth the youth, ' but there I will leave you, and return to the hotel, as I am somewhat fatigued from my journey. To-morrow at eleven, I shall call to demand the consent of my Uncle and Aunt to our speedy union.'

It was with much perturbation of mind, that Julia entered the room; but, as her parents who met her near the door, as they were coming in pursuit of her, perceived it not, she was enabled to reply to their various interrogatories, with a tolerable degree of composure. The short remainder of this eventful evening, she endured with patient resignation, the disgusting persecutions of Vaunter,—she could now listen and reply to his assiduities, for she anticipated a cessation from them in future.

' Ah! Julia,' said the ambitious mother, the next morning,—' You may thank the kindness of your mother, for insisting on your attendance at the masquerade last night, since it has been productive of such agreeable consequences.'

' What agreeable consequences?' inquired Julia deeply blushing—' why, that you have made a wealthier conquest than even Mr. Vaunter; and they tell me, he is an Earl, Julia, the Troubadour I mean.'

' He is no Earl, Ma,' said Julia, ' I am sorry thus to disappoint your hopes; but he is opulent I believe, if that will suffice.'

' And very agreeable, eh Julia,' seeing the conscious maiden absorbed in blushes, ' and has already paid his devoir to your ladyship?'

' I avow it with sincerity—he will be here this morning to crave your united consent and approbation.'

' To your marriage?' Julia looked her assent, even the silence of an intelligent woman is expressive. ' Ecstatic!' exclaimed Mrs. Manfred, ' and all this without beholding your marvellous powers in the waltz?'

' Had I waltzed,' returned Julia, ' I should have forfeited his esteem, which I highly prize;—' Then, my good Julia, rejoined the happy mother, I will never more request you to act contrary to principle—and let all parents become admonished by my counsel, never to compel a child to act in opposition to the dictates of conscience,—for I now perceive,

that virtue is the brightest jewel in the robe of humanity.'

The cloth had scarcely been removed, ere the bell announced a visitor. A slight flurry ensued—Julia with a palpitating heart absconded to her chamber; while the fashionable and goodly dame, her mother, made still more smooth, her placid brow, and prepared the lips to welcome with courteousness, the entree of the stately stranger.

Frederick soon announced himself, to the astonishment of his good Uncle and Aunt, and without much preliminary, entered upon the important business that occupied his thoughts—he informed them of his wealth amassed in commerce; and that he had returned to his native Isle, to open an extensive commercial establishment in the City of London, having left his partner in the firm at New-York, to transact the American Business.

The old lady was satisfied, though the Earl had dwindled into the merchant, when she reflected on the repugnance which Julia felt for Vaunter, and his numerous personal defects, and contrasted them with the manly beauty, improved address, and intellectual vigour of Frederick. Do you consent, Mr. Manfred?' was her first inquiry.

' That depends on yourself, good wife—I never saw aught against it but their near relationship. I always thought they were made for each other, and that the same star ruled their destinies. But have your own way, wife—whatever note you sign, I will freely endorse. That's the way to work things, you know, for then I never hear more on the subject.'

With some little feint, Mrs. Manfred consented that May-day should be appointed for the consummation of their nuptials. The day illustrious in the annals of antiquity, for the festivities and respect of its nations. The day on which England's gay and gallant Edward 4th, espoused the beautiful and accomplished Elizabeth Woodville.

When this day so renowned arrived, Julia was led to the altar by her devoted Frederick; there the solemn ceremony was performed which made them one, and immediately after, the circle of her youthful friends, by whom she was greatly beloved, elected her by ballot the lovely queen, as well as bride of the sweetest month in the year, and crowned her with a chaplet of spring's early blossoms.

And if Peter the great deemed virtue the only proper ladder to a real throne, in no wise, then, can the snarling critic be justified in condemning one among the most enlightened, virtuous, accomplished, and beautiful women of the realm, for aspiring to the dignity and regalia of a fanciful dominion.

* VIRTUS AUBO EST MELIUS.'

W.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Rural Repository.

FREDERIC THE GREAT.

In examining the characters of distinguished individuals that have long since lived and died, their foibles and their vices which were then fashionable, and even pertained to the age in which they lived, are apt to become magnified; and their virtues however many and great to dwindle into comparative insignificance. Such seems in a great degree to be the manner in which the eminent characters of the age of Louis 14th, an age as remarkable for its skepticism as for its science and literature, are viewed by the censors of the present day. So deep-rooted has been the prejudice against all those who have ever bowed themselves at the *hated* and

hateful shrine of infidelity, that one needed but to step within the sphere of its influence, and his virtues would be 'darkened by envy, perverted by malice, and destroyed by hatred, even tho' written with a sunbeam.'

Perhaps in no single instance is this spirit of detraction so clearly seen as in the bitter invectives, the biting sarcasms, the sneers and the reproaches that are cast upon the name and character of Frederic the Great. That he had faults great and glaring no one will deny. That gambling, harlotry and drunkenness were vices with which he was familiar and for which no palliation can be found except from the age in which he lived, is also true. In addition to these he was not only himself irreligious and a skeptic but was the means of opening the flood-gates of Atheism and letting in its turbid waters upon his debased, ignorant and superstitious people. Waters, which in their course washed away all of principle and morality, and by consequence in the violent convulsion which the corruptors of that age had been for a series of years preparing for Europe, caused them to feel the shock and bow themselves at the feet of an 'ungodly conqueror.'

Such it is true are dark spots in the character of this illustrious sovereign; but by how many great and exalted virtues are these defects in a measure compensated? As a warrior he stands in his age unrivalled. His skill did not consist like that of Napoleon in the furious onset and by one deadly charge making himself victor, nor like that of a Washington in the admirable conduct of a battle or campaign, but in fertility of resources in adversity, in celerity of operation, and above all in the discipline of his troops, in which the earth never saw his superior. From his feeble resources an army was drawn with which he kept the 'whole Germanic empire in constant awe,' and by his brilliant achievements at its head, the world was dazzled and unanimously bestowed upon him the epithet he so richly deserved.

As a ruler he united the rare ingredients of great political wisdom and sagacity to the firmest integrity, and his government was administered as few on earth are 'without partiality and without hypocrisy.'

Nor are these his only qualities deserving of commendation. When he ascended the throne of Prussia the clouds of ignorance and superstition wrapped her in darkness black as night. The dispersion of these he made the object of his 'insatiable ambition.' Through his efforts universities were established and distinguished literary individuals collected at his court.

Previous to his death he had the satisfaction of seeing the great objects to which the whole efforts of his life had been directed, accomplished, the enlightening of his people, the increasing of their industry, and the extension of the limits of his kingdom.

In conclusion we may say of him as of Manfred:

' He should have been a noble creature
He had all the energy that would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled. As it is
It is an awful chaos—light and darkness
And mud and dust—and passions and fine thoughts
Mix'd and contending.'

THORNTON.

Stockbridge, August 4th, 1832.

Anecdote of the Emperor Alexander.—The Emperor was accustomed to travel with the utmost rapidity. On a certain occasion his Majesty, fatigued by having remained a long time in his

carriage, alighted, and, unaccompanied by any of his suite, pursued his way on foot through a village that lay before him.—The Autocrat of all the Russias was attired in his usual travelling costume,—a military great coat without any particular mark of distinction. Desirous of obtaining some information respecting the road he was pursuing, he accosted a military-looking personage, who stood smoking a cigar at the door of a house. To each of the Emperor's questions the stranger replied in the most uncourteous manner; and by way of terminating the ungracious parley—“Allow me to ask,” said Alexander, “what may be your military rank?”—“Guess!”—“Perhaps, sir, you may be a lieutenant?”—“Higher, if you please”—“Captain?”—“Another step.”—“Major?”—“Go on, go on.”—“Lieutenant-Colonel, I presume?”—“You have hit it at last, though not without effort.” These words were pronounced in a tone of arrogance; and the several answers in the preceding dialogue, were accompanied by a cloud of smoke puffed full in the Emperor's face. “Now comes my turn, good Mr. Traveller,” said the Officer:—“Pray what may be your military rank?”—“Guess!”—“Well, then, at the first glance, I should say—“Captain?”—“Higher, if you please.”—“Major?”—“Go on, if you please.”—“Lieutenant-Colonel?”—“Pray, go on.”—“Colonel?”—“A little higher, if you please.”—(The Officer upon this threw away the stump of his cigar.)—“Major-General?”—“Another step, if you please.”—(The officer now stood immovable at attention.)—“Your excellency is then Lieutenant-General.”—“You are not quite up to the mark.”—In that case I have the honour to address myself to His Serene Highness the Field-Marshal?”—“Do me the favour, Lieutenant-Colonel, to make another effort.”—“Ah, sire!” cried the officer with emotion, “will your Majesty deign to pardon me? But could I imagine that the Emperor?”—“I am not offended; and to prove it, if you have a favour to ask I will grant it with pleasure.”

MAKING MONEY RAPIDLY.

“I have made one thousand dollar dis morning, before breakfast,” said a Frenchman who kept a retail shop in Boston. “A thousand dollars before breakfast?” said a neighbor with a dubious air.

“Qui—yessare,” returned the Frenchman, rubbing his hands with great glee—“I have clear one thousand dollar clear.”

“You've sold all your goods then?”

“O no! sare, I have not sell one good—I have all de good in my shop.”

“How did you clear so much money then?”

“I have mark de good all up.”

“Marked them all up!”

“Qui, Monsieur, I have put on de high price, so as make clear one thousand dollar, and keep all my good in my shop.”—*N. Y. Constellation.*

A counsellor, on cross-examining a witness, found occasion to address him with, “Well, my old buck, I suppose you are one of those people who do not often go to church.” “Perhaps,” said the other, “if the truth were known, I am as often there as you are.” The promptness of the reply produced a laugh, in which the witness very cordially joined. “What makes you laugh?” said the lawyer. “Is not every body laughing?” replied the other. “True,” said the man of law, “but do you know what they are laughing at?” “Why I think in my heart,” rejoined the fellow, “that they take either you or I to be a fool, but I do not know which.”

THE GUINEA AND THE APPLE BLOSSOM.

By some strange chance, a guinea and a piece of apple blossom found themselves lying side by side on a marble slab. The guinea was fresh from the mint, whilst the blossom just gathered, was still spangled with globules of morning dew. Her companion, perceiving her superior beauty, silently acknowledged it; until the bright noonday sun fading the freshness of her rosy petals, the purse proud and conceited coin vented his disdain in these insulting words—“Poor frail and short lived creature! see how thy beauty fades, thy brightness vanishes: thou who so lately rearedst thy head in all the pride of youth and beauty. What is thy value now? Who cares for thee? Where is the hand that plucked thee?—Where is the perfume that thou in thy vanity, shed on every passing gale? Useless fragment!—Cast on me thy dying looks, and there behold true worth and strength. Even from the hour when, issuing from my mother earth, I first beheld the light of day, have the grains of which I am composed, been protected and cherished by my benefactor, man. It was he who first brought me, by dint of industry and skill, from out of one of the richest veins of a Peruvian mine! It was he who, with infinite care and dexterity, cleansed me and purified me from the contagion of all baser matter, and brought me over stormy seas to kings and kingdoms, labouring and fighting to receive me! It was he who, finally moulding me to his will, gave my fair proportions and my graceful form? and it is he who still struggles and languishes to possess me! Think of my strength, my durability, my immortality,—and then, pale flower, acknowledge, that of earthly things 'tis I alone am truly great!” The blossom inwardly smiling at the conceit of the guinea, rallied her drooping spirits, and raised her drooping head to reply:—“Cease, O proud coin!” said she, “to persecute thus my dying moments with thy vain boasts; for know that, spite of all thy vaunting, I can esteem myself worthier far than thee! what art thou and all thy kind but the cause of every evil that can assail mankind!—From love of thee come all his pride and selfishness, oppression and dishonesty; and to possess thee, base lucre that thou art! does man forget his Maker, and forfeit even his hopes of future bliss. Call not thyself a blessing to him, for thou art his bane, his everlasting curse; whilst I, perfected as I came from the hands of my Creator, have to this hour been unto man an image of his wisdom and his love! I speak not of myself alone but of all my beautiful species. Fed by the wholesome juices which, rising from our mother earth, circulate in our veins and expand our fibres; nourished by sunshine and by gentle showers we reach unto maturity. Our germs increase, and ripening under summer suns, present, at last, to man a wholesome and refreshing fruit. He accepts the usual gift and blesses God! But this end I was not doomed to see, and yet a higher destiny was mine! mine was the glorious privilege of first turning a youthful heart, in grateful adoration, to the knowledge of its Maker! A pious mother, plucking me from off my parent branch, displaying to the wondering eye of her fair child the beauty and the use of all my parts: she poured into its astonished ear the history of my being, how that from a little seed the tree was raised, how that from each blossom the fruit would be produced; and pointing to the blue heaven above, she whispered the great name of God! and the child, clasping its little hands, lisped, with lips of gratitude and love. ‘How very

good he is! The blossom dropped, her leaflets closed around her, and her last breath of odour was wafted away for ever.—*The New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir for 1832.*

A smart Yorkshire lad, who was sent to school to one Wilkins, near Pontefract, having one day insulted a gentleman by calling him Pontius Pilate, was very severely corrected for it: the master at every cut he gave him cautioned him never to say Pontius Pilate again. This the lad carefully treasured in his memory, and being soon after catechised in church, when he came to the belief, instead of saying he suffered under Pontius Pilate, said, he suffered under Timothy Wilkins, school-master.

Two orthodox women of this village, members of the Temperance Society, were recently very warmly engaged in conversation upon the subject of Temperance, when one says to the other, ‘Mrs. ——, how long do you think it takes the perfumery of liquor to get out of the system after one has left off drinking it?’ ‘Well I don't know,’ she replied, ‘how long it would.’ ‘Well,’ says the other, ‘my husband has been a member of the Temperance Society three months, and his breath smells as strong of liquor as ever it did?’

More than one.—A clergyman of Blackheath, was reproving a married couple for their frequent dissensions; which was very unbecoming, both in the eye of God and man, seeing, as he observed, that they were both one. ‘Both one!’ cried the husband, ‘were your Reverence to come by our door sometimes, you would think we were twenty.’

The Chinese have a proverb, that ‘every gentleman in China works for his living except the hog.’ We make him in Illinois. When a chimney is to be built, or a cabin to be daubed, a hole is dug in the earth, of sufficient dimensions, and water poured into it—the hogs are then called, and a few grains of corn thrown into the hole, when the hogs plunge in and soon prepare the lump of clay for the hand of the dauber.—*Western Ploughboy.*

A Trifle.—A peasant being at confession, accused himself of having stolen some hay; the father confessor asked him how many bundles he had taken from the stack? ‘That is of no consequence,’ replied the peasant, ‘you may set it down a wagon load, for my wife and I are going to fetch the remainder very soon.’

During the last illness of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Boswell was particularly assiduous in his calls. He cautioned his assistant, Giuseppe Marchi, (whom he had brought with him from Italy) never to admit Mr. B.; ‘for,’ said he, ‘that man calls only that he may have something about me, to stuff into his book.’—*Library of the Fine Arts.*

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1832.

The Cholera.—We are happy to state, for the information of our distant readers, that though nigh unto us, even unto our borders, we are still free from this fearful scourge that is desolating our land, sweeping, as it were with the ‘besom of destruction,’ the neighboring cities and villages, locking in its fell embrace, as with

a giant's grasp, the aged, the middle aged and the youth, and tearing even the smiling infant from the sacred sanctuary of its mother's bosom—one moment we see it in all its beauty, arresting the attention of every beholder by its sportive glee, its playful wiles, and the next alas, we behold it writhing in mortal agony in the envenomed arms of the destroyer—mothers too, the light of their homes, the delight of their little family circles, snatched from their little ones—fathers, brothers, husbands, all are laid low, every tie is sundered!—but in the Lord have we hope—He who can bid the raging waves be still and say unto the great deep ‘Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed,’ can bid the devouring pestilence cease, can still overshadow us with his almighty wing, that no harm shall come unto us.

At Athens the Cholera still rages and has, from its first appearance, been most malignant. Out of thirteen cases which have occurred since its first commencement in that village but two have survived.

The Literary Tablet.—The last number of this paper, published in New-Haven, has come to us accompanied by a beautiful engraving of the Tontine Hotel in that city.

Tales of the Early Ages.—These entertaining volumes are from the pen of Horace Smith, and are just issued from the prolific press of the Messrs. Harper, New-York.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

Received at this office, from Agents and others, ending August 22d.

G. Dusenbury, Whitestown, N. Y. \$2; E. C. Warner, Greenbush, N. Y. \$1; R. Stone, Livonia, N. Y. \$1; J. W. King, Darien, N. Y. \$1; J. W. Barker, Baldwinsville, N. Y. \$1; L. Hall, Alexander, N. Y. \$1; H. Baum, Utica, N. Y. \$1; G. Sanford, Winsted, Ct. \$1; D. D. T. Marshall, Trenton Falls, N. Y. \$3; A. S. Mitchell, Kinderhook, N. Y. \$1; P. R. Livingston, & J. McKinstry, Livingston, N. Y. \$2; A. C. Williams, Darien, N. Y. \$1; J. Clark, Uanda Falls, N. Y. \$5; J. Dingman, Claverack, \$5; E. D. Baker, Sandy Hill, N. Y. \$5; A. Clark, Jun. Bern, N. Y. \$1; J. M. Baker, Orville, N. Y. \$2; E. Young, Fennier, N. Y. \$1.

SUMMARY,

Suicide.—The Lehigh (Pa.) Herald give the particulars of the suicide of Mr. Charles A. Dale, in the county jail of that borough. Mr. D. resided some years at Livingston's Manor, in this state. He was by birth an Englishman, and after the decease of Robert Fulton, he married his widow. Losing her, he again married on the 30th March last, a Miss Greenleaf, of Lehigh. From some cause, not explained by the account, his wife left him, and went home to her mother. In attempting to see her, he was charged by the mother of his wife, of a breach of the peace, and was in consequence committed to prison. He there committed suicide, by the discharge of a pistol through his head. The whole affair had created considerable excitement in Lehigh and its neighborhood.

American Glass.—This article has advanced to perfection in this country, and American Glass of every description, for beauty and durability, is as much superior to any imported, as English broadcloths were twenty years ago to those manufactured in the United States at the same period.

The number of watchmen in the city of New-York, at the commencement of the Cholera, was 600; of these the number who died amounted only to six.

The Editor of the Norfolk Beacon has had occasion to test the use of Camphorated Spirits as a cure for Cholera, in its early stages, both with the members of his family, and in his own person, and confirms the statements heretofore made of its efficacy in removing the premonitory symptoms of attack.

It is a fact worthy of notice, that since the Cholera broke out in this country, the business of the New-York Post-office has nearly doubled.

MARRIED.

At Stuyvesant, on the 9th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Sturges, Mr. James Warburton of the Hudson Print Works, to Miss Mary Creighton, just arrived from England.

At Canaan Centre, on the 11th inst., by the Rev. Hutchins Taylor, Mr. Philip Wilder, to Miss Elizabeth Ann Smith, both of Austerlitz.

DIED.

In this city on the 16th inst. Samuel W. Clark, in the 53d year of his age, formerly publisher of a paper in this city, called ‘The Bee.’ In Troy, on Wednesday, the 8th inst. of the prevailing Epidemic, Mr. A. Weis, M. D. aged 52.

In Lansburgh, of the prevailing Epidemic, Horatio Gates Spofford, Esq. author of the ‘Universal Gazetteer,’ aged about 66.

At Grafton, Columbia County, on the 6th inst. of a severe and protracted illness, Mrs. Catharine Snyder, consort of Capt. Thomas J. Snyder, in the 54th year of her age.

POETRY.

From the Genius of Universal Emancipation.

TO THOSE I LOVE.

Oh turn ye not displeased away, though I should sometimes seem
Too much to press upon your ear an oft repeated theme;
The story of the negro's wrongs is heavy at my heart,
And can I choose but wish from you a sympathizing part?
I turn to you to share my joy,—to sooth me in my grief—
In wayward sadness, from your smiles, I seek a sweet relief;
And shall I keep this burning wish to see the slave set free,
Locked darkly in my secret heart, unshared, and silently?
I cannot know that all the chords, which give their magic tone
Like Memnon's harp, in music out, 'neath sunshine smiles alone,
Are torn by savage hands away from woman's bleeding breast,
And with their sweetness on my soul, my feelings keep repress!
If I had been a friendless thing,—if I had never known
How swell the fountains of the heart beneath affection's tone,
I might have, careless, seen the leaf torn rudely from
But, clinging as I do to you—can I but let it loose?
I could not brook to list the sad, sweet music of a bird,
Though it were sweeter melody than ever ear had heard,
If cruel hands had quenched his light, that in the plaintive song,
It might the breathing memory of other days prolong.
And can I give my lip to taste the life-blood luxuries wrung
From those on whom a darker night of anguish has been flung—
Or silently and selfishly enjoy my better lot,
While those whom God hath bade me love, are wretched and forgot?
Oh no! So blame me not, sweet friends, though I should sometimes seem
Too much to press upon your ear an oft repeated theme!
The story of the negro's wrongs hath won me from my rest,
And I must strive to wake for him an interest in your breast.

MARGARET.

MUSIC OF YESTERDAY.

BY MRS. HEMANS

The chord, the harp's full chord is hushed,
The voice hath died away,
Whence music, like sweet waters, gushed
But yesterday.
The wakening note, the breeze-like swell,
The full o'er weeping tone,
The sounds that sighed ' Farewell! Farewell!'
Are gone—all gone.
The love whose burning spirit passed
With the rich measure's flow,
The grief to which it sunk at last,—
Where are they now?
They are with the scents by summer's breath
Borne from a rose now shed,
With the words from lips long sealed in death,
For ever fled!
The sea-shell of its native deep
A thrilling moan retails;
But earth and air no record keep
Of parted strains.
And all the memories, all the dreams
They wake in floating by,

The tender thoughts, th' Elysian gleams—
Could these too die?

They died!—as on the water's breast
The ripple melts away,
When the breeze that stirred it sinks to rest,
So perished they!

Mysterious in their sudden birth,
And mournful in their close;
Passing, and finding not on earth
Aim or repose.

Whence were they!—like the breath of flowers,
Why thus to come and go?—
A long, long journey must be ours,
Ere this we know.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

The flower that blooms the brightest
Is doom'd the first to fade—
The form that moves the lightest
In earth is soonest laid—
The bird that sings the sweetest
First droops away and dies,
And happy hours are fleetest
Beneath the lower skies.
The vow that's sealed the strongest
Will soonest wear away,
And things will last the longest
Which soonest should decay
The heart that ne'er knew trouble
Has every thing to learn—
For life is but a bubble
From the cradle to the urn.
There is a world of glory
Where pleasure never dies,
Where the youthful and the hoary
With praises rend the skies;
Where crystal streams are leaping
O'er the crimson onyx stone,
And where the voice of weeping
Is never, never known.
Then, maiden, may you cherish
That pearl of matchless price,
Which, when your form shall perish,
Can buy you Paradise;
Where night's dark shadows never
Fall down upon the plain,
And where the saints forever
With crowns of glory reign.

ENIGMAS.

Answers to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Impression.

PUZZLE II.—Flirtation.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

My first is a prominent part of the face,
My next will be found when ladies use lace,
My all is a posy adorned with much grace.

II.

Why is the City of Albany to a Dutchman like a herring?

Deeds, Mortgages, &c.

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